

# SYNAGOGUE SONGS

PERSONAL, SOCIAL, NATIONAL

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*for SYNAGOGUE and*  
EXTRA-CONGREGATIONAL SERVICES

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COMPILED AND EDITED BY  
JAMES WATERMAN WISE



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NEW YORK  
BLOCH PUBLISHING COMPANY

*"The Jewish Book Concern"*

1924



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## PREFACE

The need has long been felt for a volume of simple, singable tunes with appropriate words, to be used by groups of Jews, both in synagogue services and in extra-congregational gatherings. It is in answer to that need, that this collection of hymns is published. The collection is designedly small. Indeed, whatever merit it may be found to possess, will lie quite as much in its omissions, as in the hymns which have been included in it. But the editor has seen so many hymnals ruined by an overabundance of useless material, that he has preferred to err on the side of too zealous elimination.

Little explanation is needed concerning the selection of the hymns. Those strictly Jewish in character are familiar to all. They are the traditional and standard hymns of our religious life. A few of the songs of our country, as well as the national anthem, have been included, because it seems that even in a purely religious collection these should have a place. As for the remainder of the hymns, they were chosen for the most part because of the simplicity of their musical structure, and the inspiring character of the thoughts which they express. They will be found to vary greatly. Neither in the words nor in the tunes which have been selected, has the editor sought to gather all his material from any one source. Wherever a song was found that seemed appropriate, it has been chosen. And if, nevertheless, an underlying unity has been achieved in this collection of hymns, widely differing in origin, it must be that unity of spirit, hinted at in the word of the poet:

"Many the songs, but Song is One;  
The varying bells make up the perfect chime."

JAMES WATERMAN WISE.

*New York, August, 1924.*

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The editor acknowledges his indebtedness to the following publishers for permission to include the Hymns enumerated below:

To Messrs. C. C. Birchard and Co., for Hymn No. 2, taken from "Songs of the Open Forum."

To the Central Conference of American Rabbis, for Hymns No. 19, 20, 22, taken from the "Union Hymnal."

To Dr. Isaac S. Moses, for Hymns No. 4, 14, taken from the "Sabbath School Hymnal."

To Bloch Publishing Company, for Hymns No. 7, 12, 13, 21, 23, 25, 28, taken from the "Jewish Hymnal."

To Mr. A. W. Binder, for his hymn tune, "Come, O Sabbath Day."

Finally the editor wishes to express his gratitude for the generous interest and inspired assistance which Mr. Michael Banner has rendered him in his work.

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# Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, thou Al - migh - ty King! Help us thy name to sing;
2. Come, thou all - gra - cious Lord, By heaven and earth a - dored!
3. Nev - er from us de - part; Rule thou in ev - ery heart,



Help us to praise! Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
Our prayer at - tend! Come, and thy child - ren bless; Give thy good  
Hence ev - er - more. Thy sov - 'reign ma - jes - ty May we in




to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!  
word suc - cess: Make thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scend.  
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.




# The Voice of God is Calling.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

G. J. WEBB.




1. The voice of God is call - ing Its sum-mons un - to men;  
 2. I hear my peo - ple cry - ing In cot and mine and slum;  
 3. We heed, O Lord, Thy sum - mons, And an-swer, here are we!  
 4. From ease and plea-sure save us, From pride of place ab-solve;





As once he spoke in Zi - on, So now He speaks a - gain.  
 No field or mart in si - lent, No ci - ty street is dumb.  
 Send us up - on Thine er - rand, Let us Thy ser-vants be  
 Purge us of low de - sire, Lift us to high re - solve.




Whom shall I send to suc - cor My peo - ple in their need?  
 I see my peo - ple fall - ing In dark-ness and de - spair,  
 Our strength is dust and ash - es, Our years a pass - ing hour—  
 Take us and make us ho - ly, Teach us Thy will and way,

Whom shall I send to loos - en The bonds of lust and greed?  
 Whom shall I send to shat - ter The fet - ters which they bear?  
 But Thou canst use our weak - ness To mag - ni - fy Thy power.  
 Speak, and be-hold, we an - swer, Com-mand, and we o - bey!



# O Worship the King.

*Psalm CIV*

ROBERT GRANT.

Arr. from JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN.



1. O wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a - bove, O grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, Whose robe is the
3. This earth, with its store of wonders un - told, Al - migh - ty, thy
4. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
5. Frail children of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we



sing his power and his love, — Our Shield and De - fend - er, the  
light, whose can - o - py space. His char - iots of wrath the deep  
power hath found - ed of old; Hath 'stablished it fast by a  
air, it shines in the light: It streams from the hills, it de -  
trust, nor find thee to fail: Thy mer - cies how ten - der, how



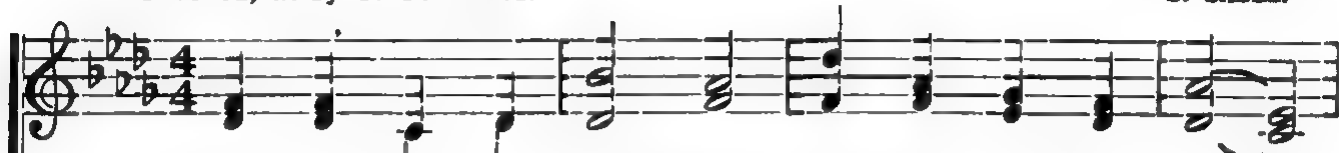
An - cient of days, Pa - vil ioned in splendor, and gird - ed with praise.  
thunderclouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.  
changeless de - cree, And round it hath cast, like a man - tle, the sea.  
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.  
firm to the end, Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend!



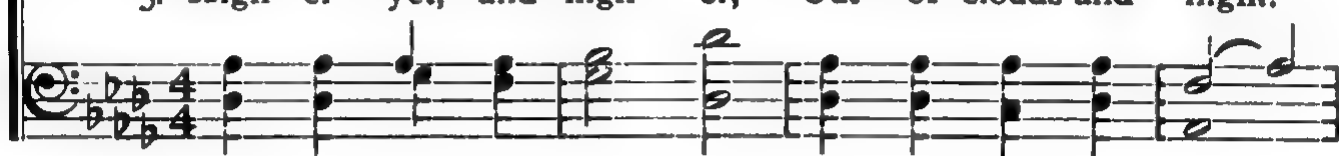

# Early Will I Seek Thee.

IBN GABIROL, tr. by G. GOTTHEIL.


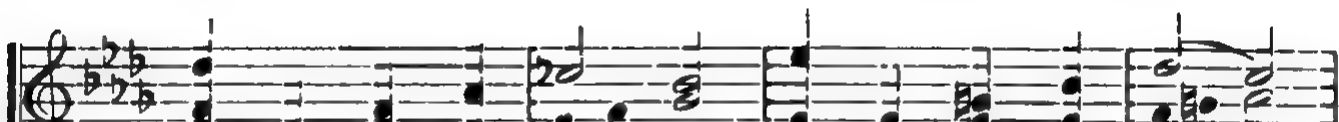
S. SABEL.



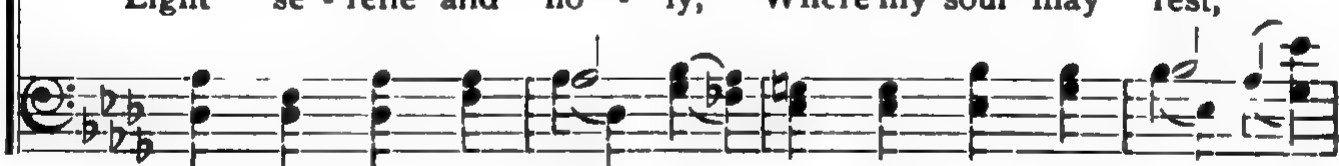
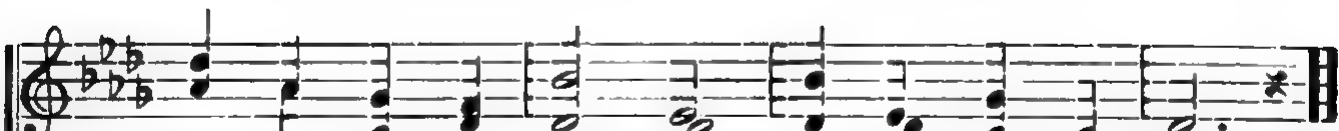
1. Ear - ly will I seek Thee, God, my ref - uge strong;  
 2. Pur - er yet, and pur - er, I would be in mind,  
 3. High - er yet, and high - er, Out of clouds and night.

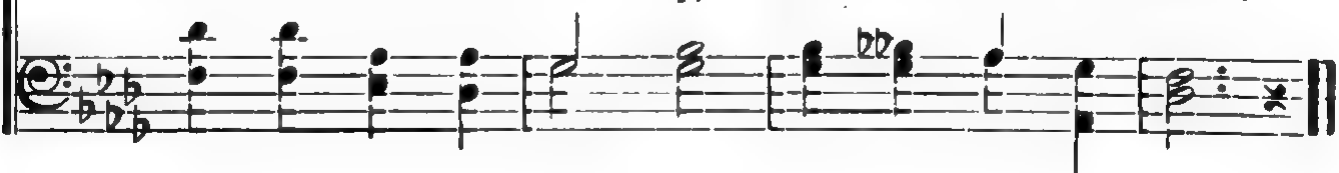
Late pre - pared to meet Thee With my evening song.  
 Dear - er yet, and dear - er, Ev - 'ry du - ty find.  
 Near - er yet, and near - er, Ris - ing to the light.

Though I to Thy great - ness But with tremb - ling soar,  
 Hop - ing still and trust - ing God with - out a fear,  
 Light se - rene and ho - ly, Where my soul may rest,

Since my in - most think - ing Lies Thine eyes be - fore.  
 Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.  
 Pur - i - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and blessed.



# The King of Love.

*Psalm XXIII*

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER.

JOHN B. DYKES.



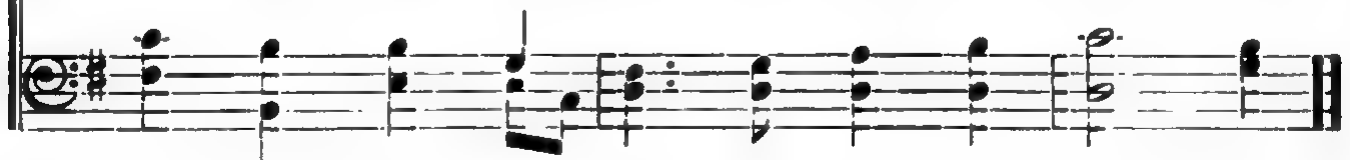
1. The King of love my shep - herd is, Whose  
2. In death's dark vale, I fear no ill With  
3. And so through all the length of days Thy



good - ness fail - eth nev - er: I noth - ing lack if  
thee, dear Lord, be - side me, Thy rod and staff my  
good - ness fail - eth nev - er; Good Shep - herd, may I



I am his, And he is mine for - ev - er.  
com - fort still, Thy light be - fore to guide me.  
sing thy praise With - in thy house for - ev - er.

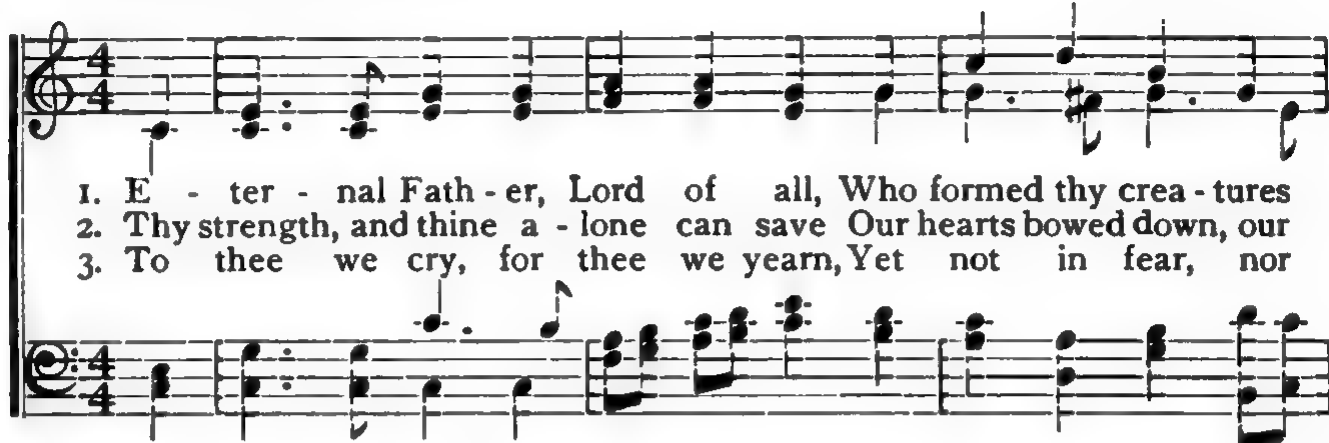




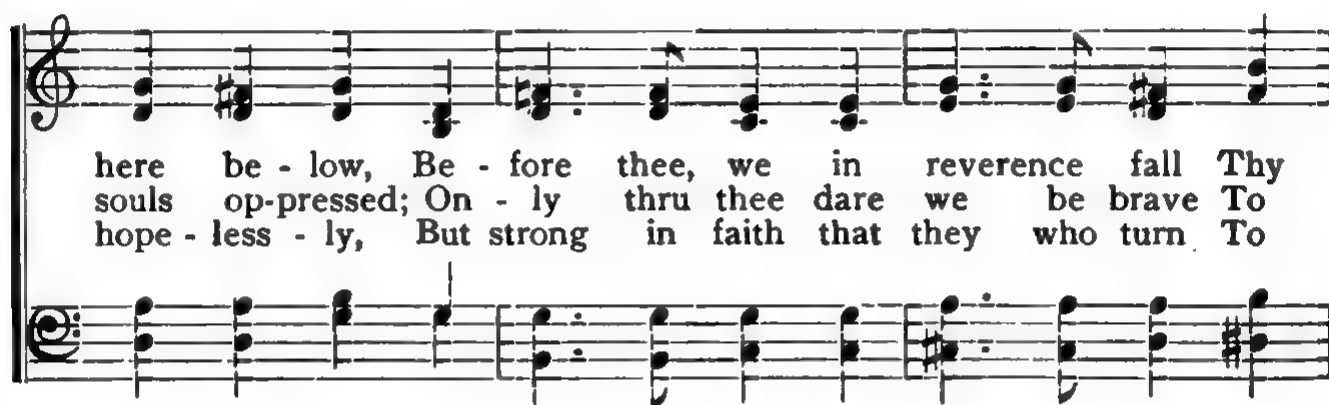
# Eternal Father, Lord of All.

JAMES WATERMAN WISE.

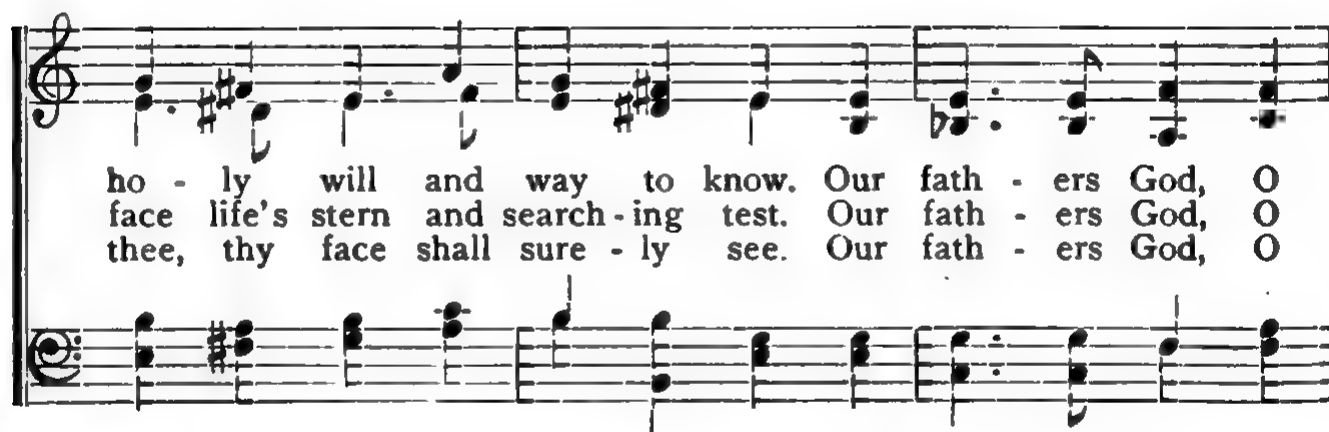
JOHN B. DYKES.



1. E - ter - nal Fath - er, Lord of all, Who formed thy crea - tures  
2. Thy strength, and thine a - lone can save Our hearts bowed down, our  
3. To thee we cry, for thee we yearn, Yet not in fear, nor



here be - low, Be - fore thee, we in reverence fall Thy  
souls op-pressed; On - ly thru thee dare we be brave To  
hope - less - ly, But strong in faith that they who turn To



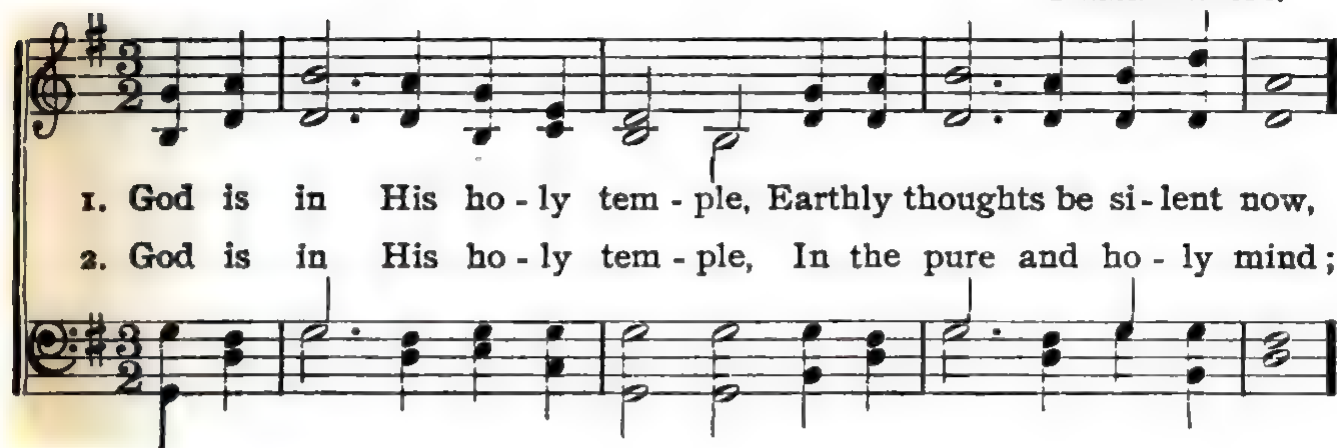
ho - ly will and way to know. Our fath - ers God, O  
face life's stern and search - ing test. Our fath - ers God, O  
thee, thy face shall sure - ly see. Our fath - ers God, O



Lord of all, Be near us when on thee we call.  
Lord of all, Be near us when on thee we call.  
Lord of all, Be near us when on thee we call.

# God is in His Holy Temple.

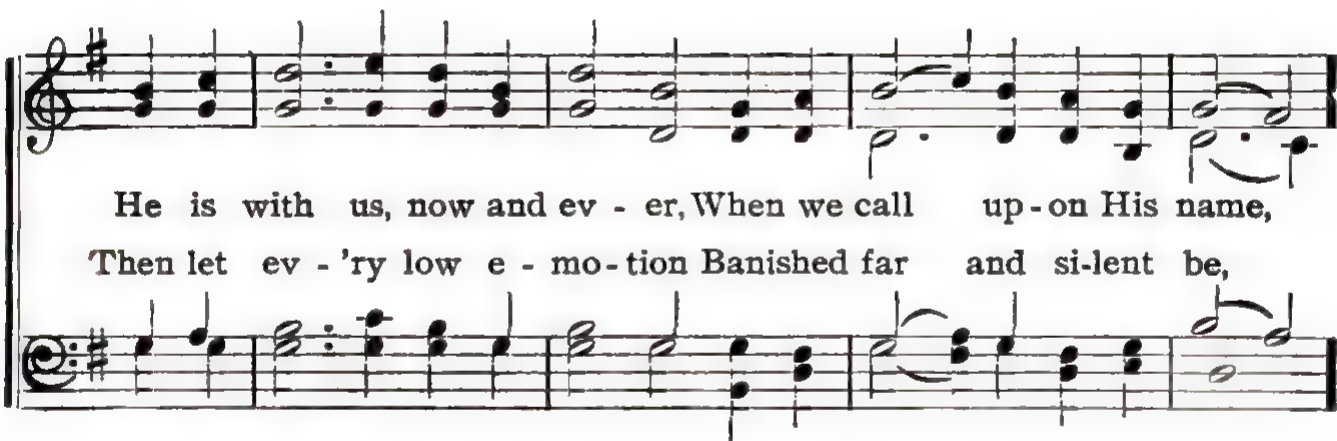
SPANISH MELODY.



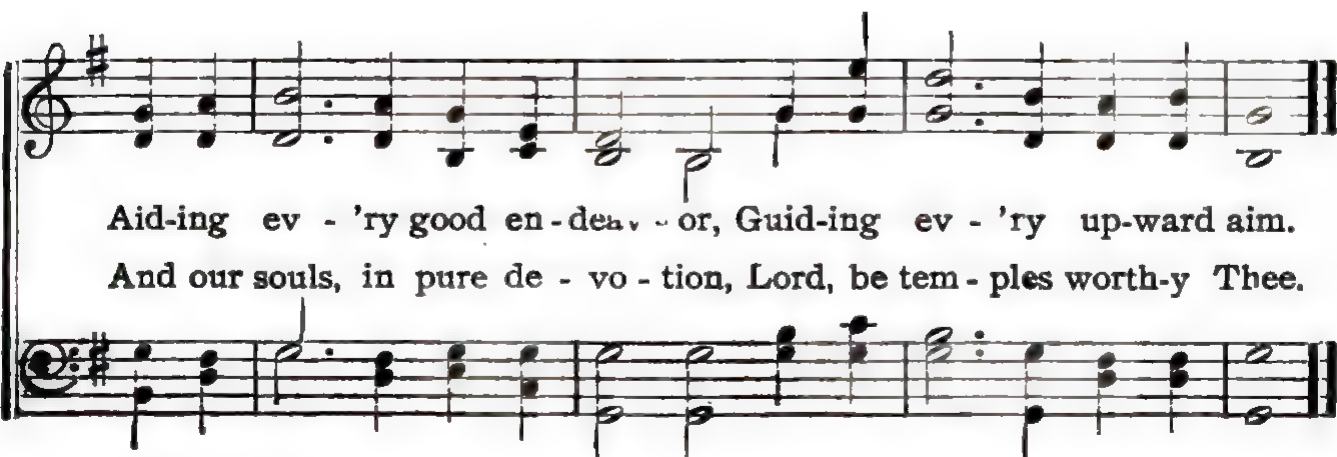
1. God is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Earthly thoughts be si - lent now,  
2. God is in His ho - ly tem - ple, In the pure and ho - ly mind;



While with rev'rence we as - sem - ble, And be - fore His presence bow.  
In the rev - 'rent heart and sim - ple; In the soul from sense re - fined.



He is with us, now and ev - er, When we call up - on His name,  
Then let ev - 'ry low e - mo - tion Banished far and si - lent be,



Aid - ing ev - 'ry good en - deav - or, Guid - ing ev - 'ry up - ward aim.  
And our souls, in pure de - vo - tion, Lord, be tem - ples worth - y Thee.

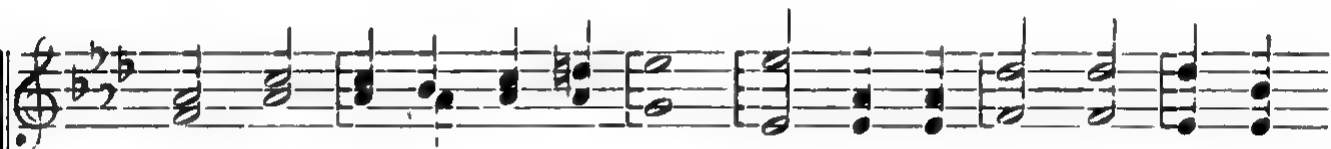
# Father, Again to Thy Dear Name.

JOHN ELLERTON.

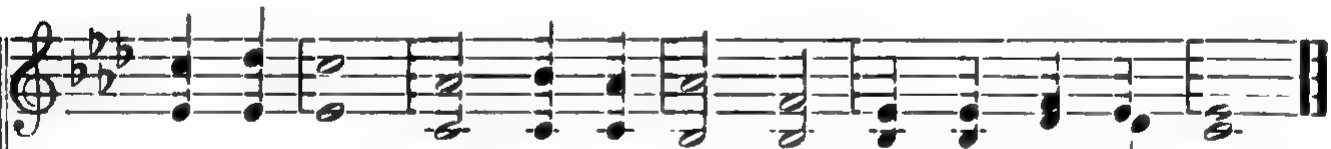
EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS.



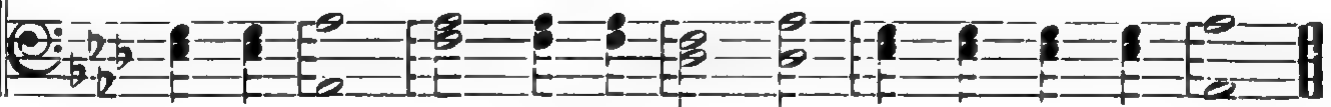
1. Fath - er, a - gain to thy dear name we raise, With one ac -
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our homeward way; With thee be -
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night; Turn thou for
4. Grant us thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in



cord, our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee ere our  
gan, with thee shall end the day; Guard thou the lips from sin, the  
us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep thy  
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when thy voice shall bid our



wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait thy word of peace.  
hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on thy name.  
child - ren free, For dark and light are both a - like to thee.  
con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace.



# Abide With Me.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



1. A - bid with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour: What but thy
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless: Ills have no



deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers fail, and  
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -  
grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like thy - self my guide and  
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness: Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy



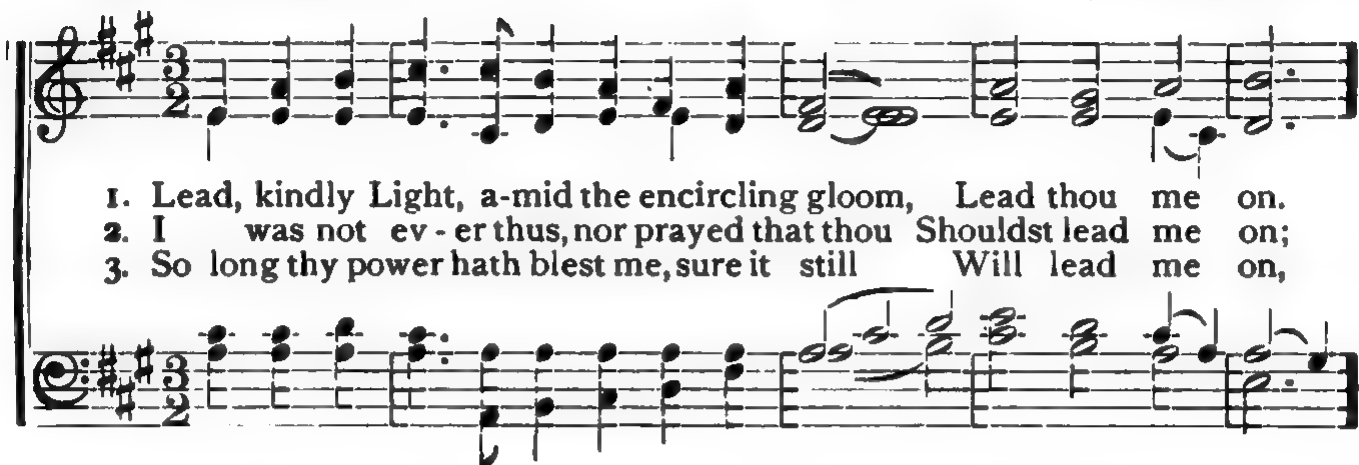
com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bid with me!  
round I see: O thou who changest not, a - bid with me!  
stay can be? Thru cloud and sun-shine, O a - bid with me!  
vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if thou a - bid with me!



# Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on.  
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on;  
3. So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on,



The night is dark, and I am far from home, — Lead thou me on.  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on.  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone;



Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,  
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile



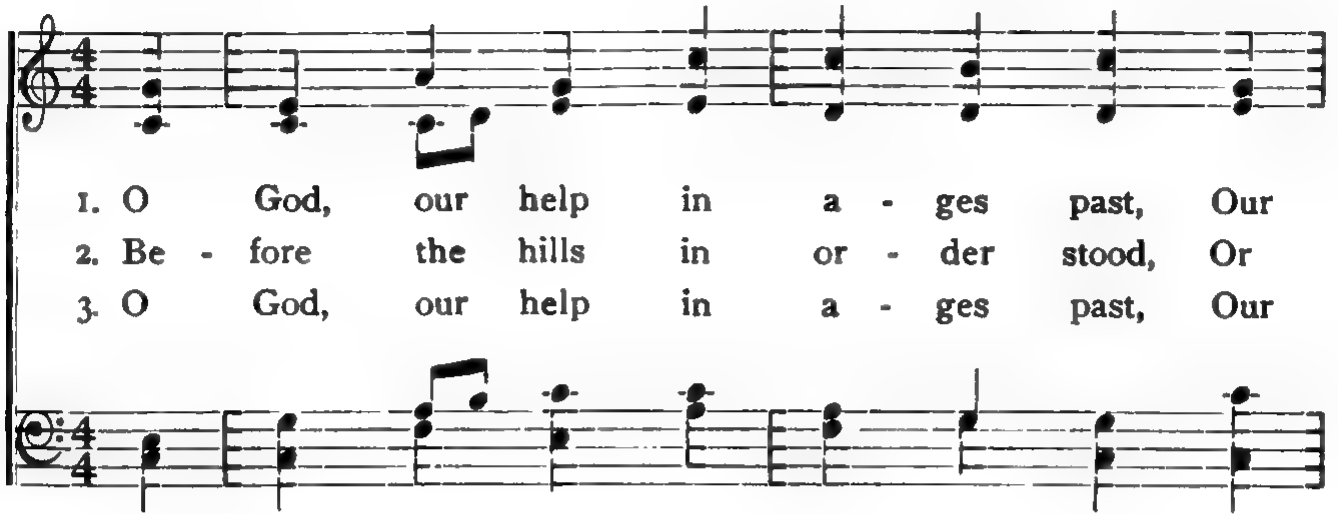
The dis - tant scene, — one step e - nough for me.  
Pride ruled my will; re - mem - ber not past years.  
Which I have loved long since and lost a - while.



# O God, Our Help.

ISAAC WATTS.

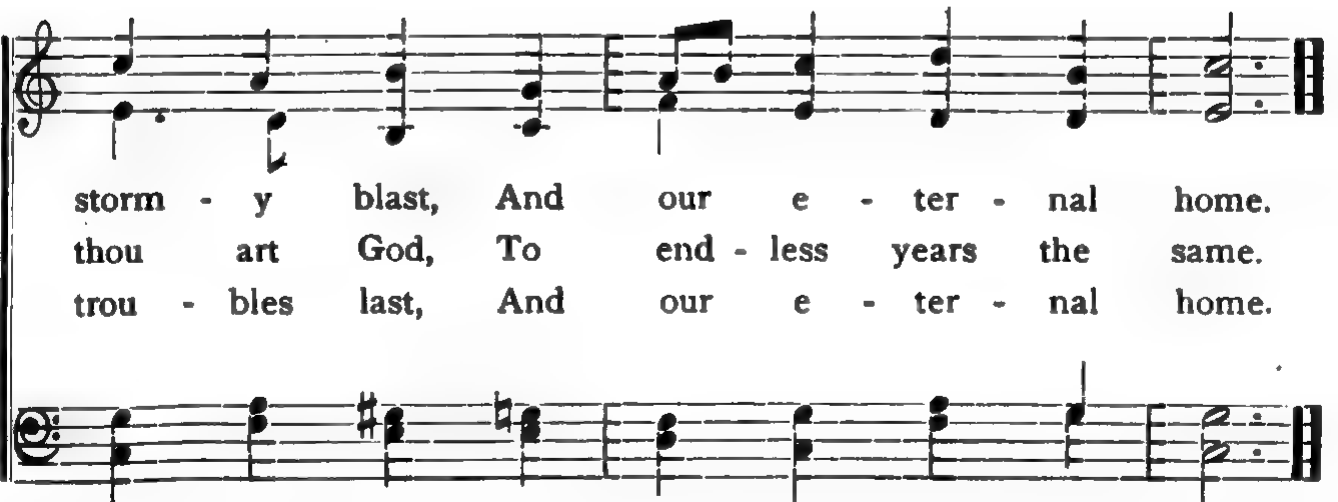
WILLIAM CROFT.



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our  
2. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or  
3. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our



hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the  
earth re - ceived her fame, From ev - er - last - ing  
hope for years to come, Be thou our guard while



storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.  
thou art God, To end - less years the same.  
trou - bles last, And our e - ter - nal home.

# Now the Day is Over.

S. BARING GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



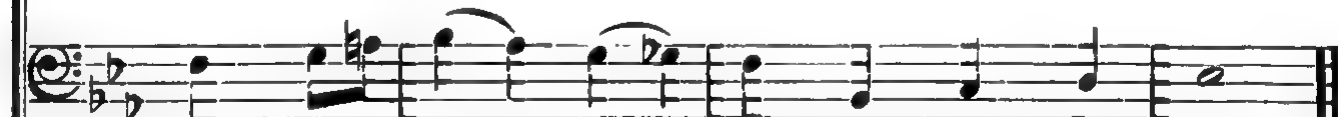
1. Now the day is o - ver,
2. Com - fort ev - 'ry suf - f'rer
3. When the morn - ing wak - ens,



Night is draw - ing nigh, Shad - ows  
Watch - ing late in pain; Those who  
Then may we a - rise Pure and



of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.  
plan some e - vil From their sins re - strain.  
fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.



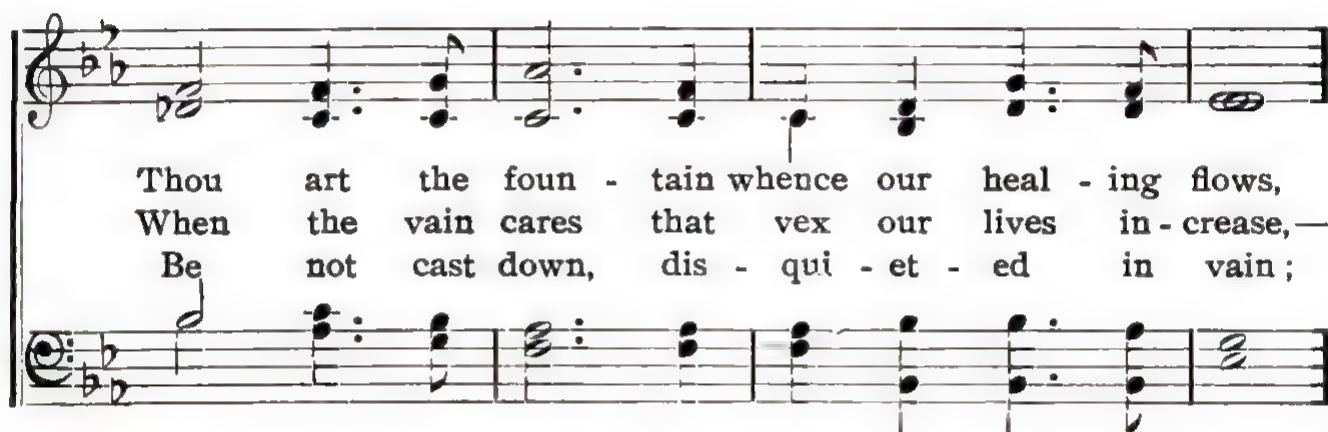
# Father, to Thee We Look.

F. L. HOSMER.

MENDELSSOHN.



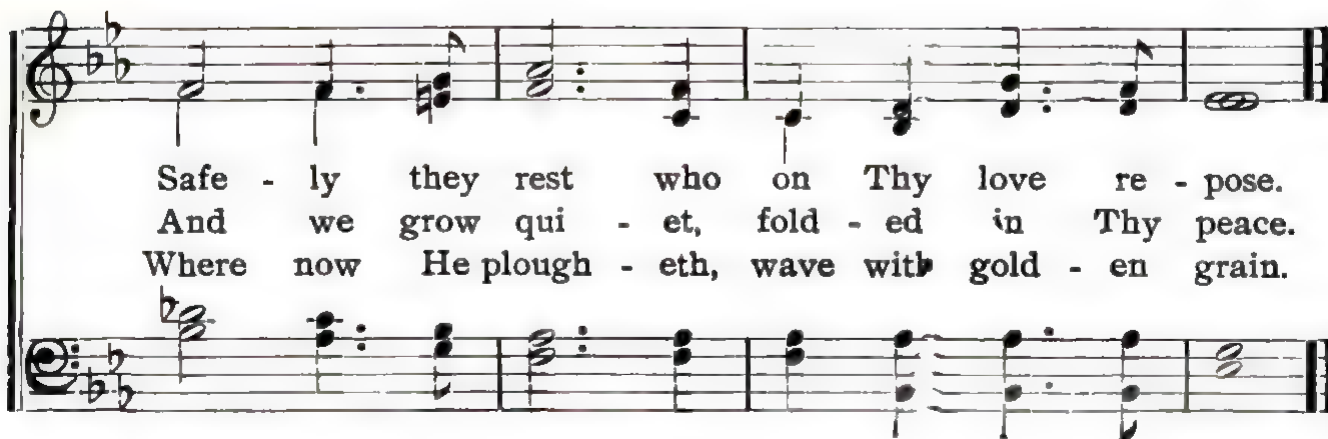
1. Fa - ther, to Thee we look in all our sor - row,  
 2. When fond hopes fail and skies are dark be - fore us,  
 3. Pa - tient, O heart, though heav - y be thy sor - rows!



Thou art the foun - tain whence our heal - ing flows,  
 When the vain cares that vex our lives in - crease,—  
 Be not cast down, dis - qui - et - ed in vain;



Dark though the night, joy com - eth with the mor - row;  
 Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,  
 Yet shalt thou praise Him when these dark - ened fur - rows,



Safe - ly they rest who on Thy love re - pose.  
 And we grow qui - et, fold - ed in Thy peace.  
 Where now He plough - eth, wave with gold - en grain.

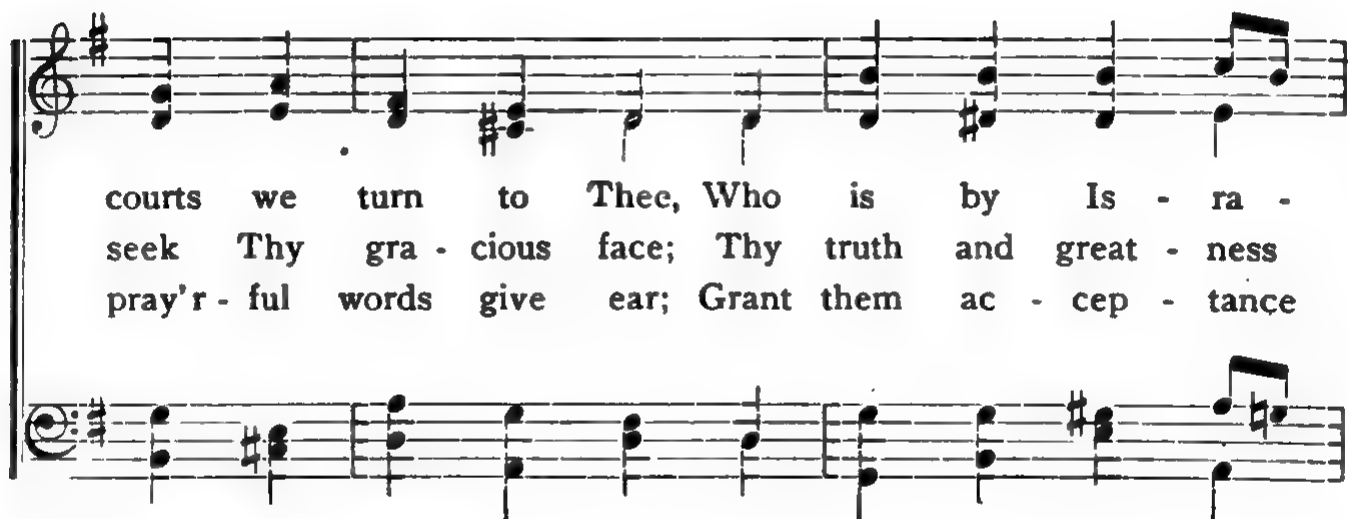
# How Goodly is Thy House, O Lord.

HENRY S. JACOBS.

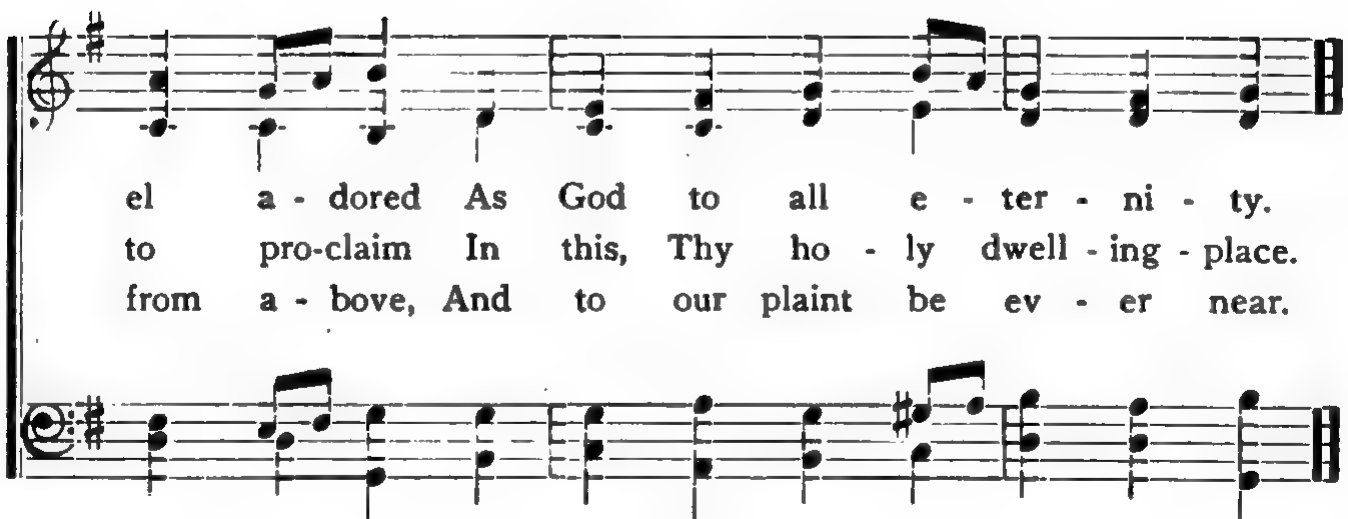
Arr. fr. SCHUMANN.



1. How good - ly is Thy house, O Lord! With - in its  
2. Hith - er we come to praise Thy name, Hum - bly to  
3. Ac - cord us, Lord, Thy ten - der love; Un - to our



courts we turn to Thee, Who is by Is - ra -  
seek Thy gra - cious face; Thy truth and great - ness  
pray'r - ful words give ear; Grant them ac - cep - tance




el a - dored As God to all e - ter - ni - ty.  
to pro-claim In this, Thy ho - ly dwell - ing - place.  
from a - bove, And to our plaint be ev - er near.



# These Things Shall Be.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

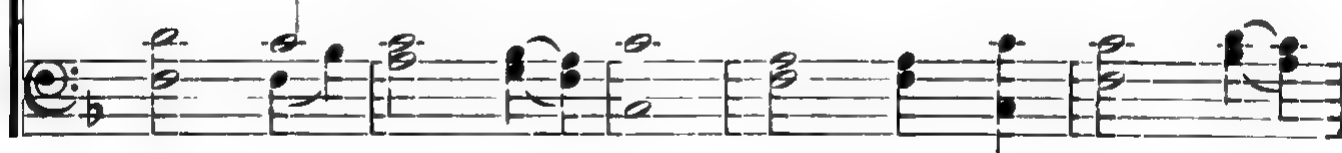

LOWELL MASON.




1. These things shall be,— a    lof - tier race    Than ere the  
 2. They shall be gen - tie, brave, and strong    To spill no  
 3. Na - tion with na - tion, land with land,    Un - armed shall  
 4. New arts shall bloom of lof - tier mould,    And might-ier

world hath known shall rise    With flame of free - dom  
 drop of blood, but dare    All that may plant man's  
 live as com - rades free;    In ev - 'ry heart and  
 mu - sic thrill the skies,    And ev - 'ry life shall

in their souls,    And light of knowl - edge in their eyes.  
 lord - ship firm    On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.  
 brain shall throb    The pulse of one fra - ter - ni - ty.  
 be a song    When all the earth is par - a - dise.

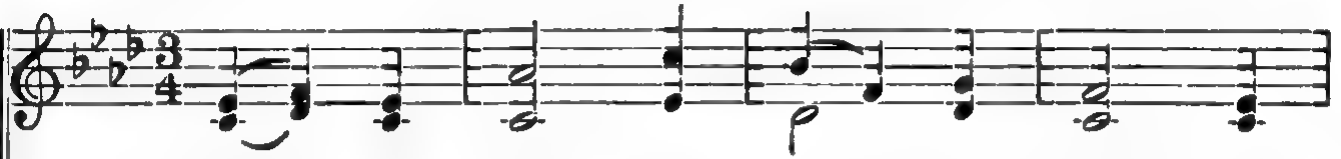




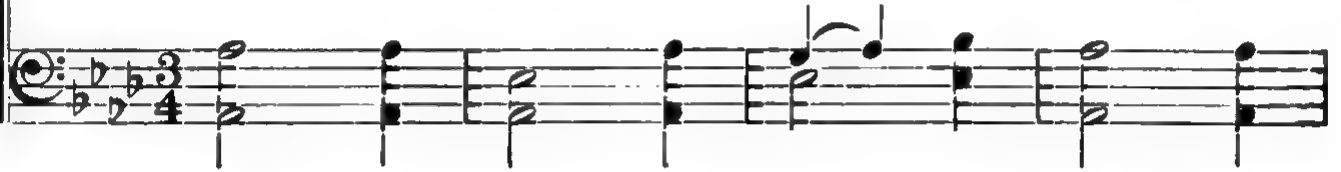
# Thy Brother.

T. C. WILLIAMS.

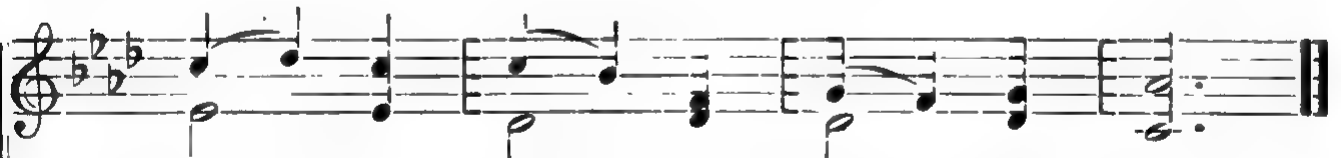
ETHELBERT W. BULLINGER.



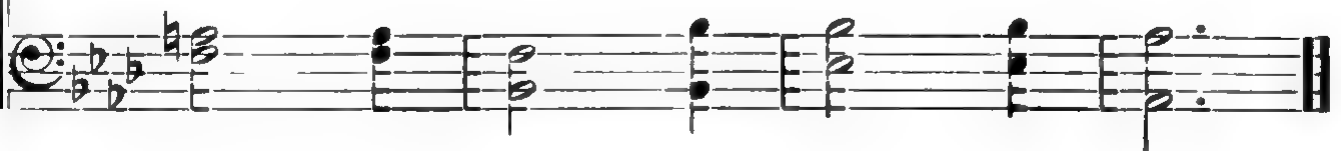
1. When thy heart, with joy o'er - flow - ing,
2. When the har - vest - sheaves in - gath - ered
3. If thy soul, with power up - lift - ed,
4. Hast thou borne a se - cret sor - row
5. Share with him thy bread of bless - ing,



Sings	a	thank - ful	prayer,	In	thy	joy,	O
Fill	thy	barns	with	store,	To	thy	God
Yearn	for	glo - rious	deed,	Give	thy	strength	to
In	thy	lone - ly	breast?	Take	to	thee	thy
Sor - row's	bur - den	share;		When	thy	heart	en -



let	thy	broth - er	With	thee	share.
to	thy	broth - er	Give	the	more.
serve	thy	broth - er	In	his	need.
sor - rowing	broth - er	For	a	guest.	
folds	a	broth - er,	God	is	there.



# Hail the Glorious Golden City.

FELIX ADLER.

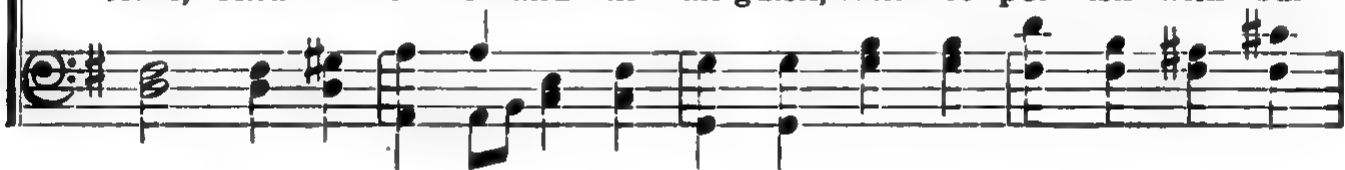
JOHN B. DYKES.



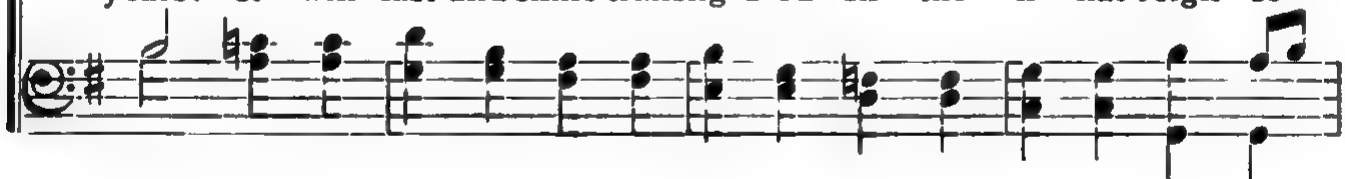
1. Hail the glo - rious Gold - en Cit - y Pic - tured by the seers of
2. We are build - ers of that cit - y; All our joys and all our
3. And the work that we have build - ed, Oft with bleed - ing hands and



old! Ev - er - last - ing light shines o'er it, Wondrous tales of it are  
groans Help to rear its shin - ing ram - parts; All our lives are build - ing -  
tears, And in er - ror and in an - guish, Will not per - ish with our



told: On - ly right - eous men and wo - men Dwell with - in its gleam - ing  
stones: Whether hum - ble or ex - alt - ed, All are called to task di -  
years: It will last and shine transfig - ured In the fi - nal reign of



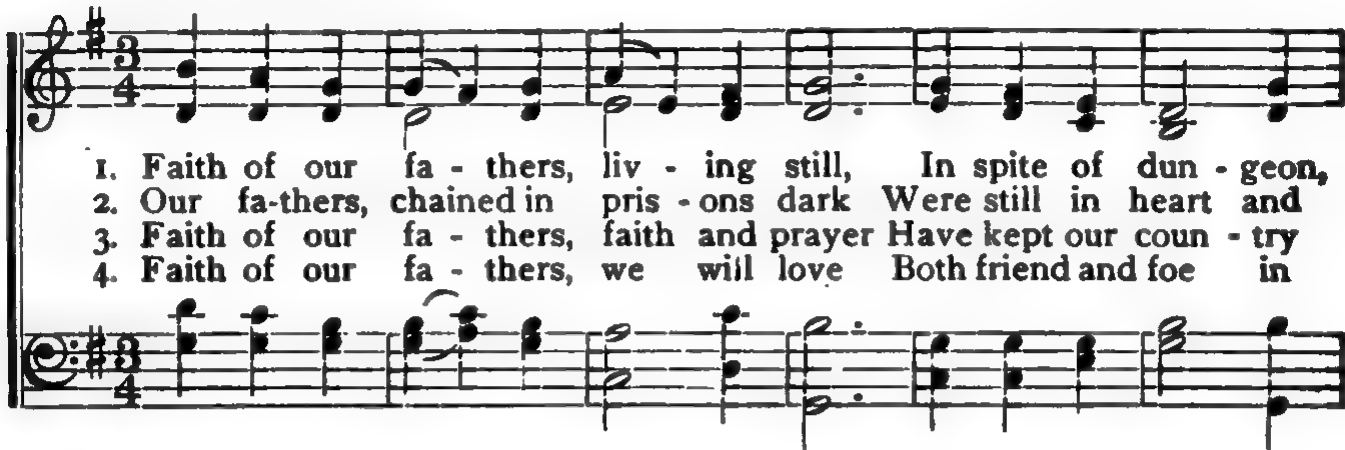
wall; Wrong is banished from its bor - ders, Jus - tice reigns supreme o'er all.  
vine; All must aid a - like to car - ry Forward one sub - lime de - sign.  
Right; It will merge in - to the splendors Of the Cit - y of the Light.



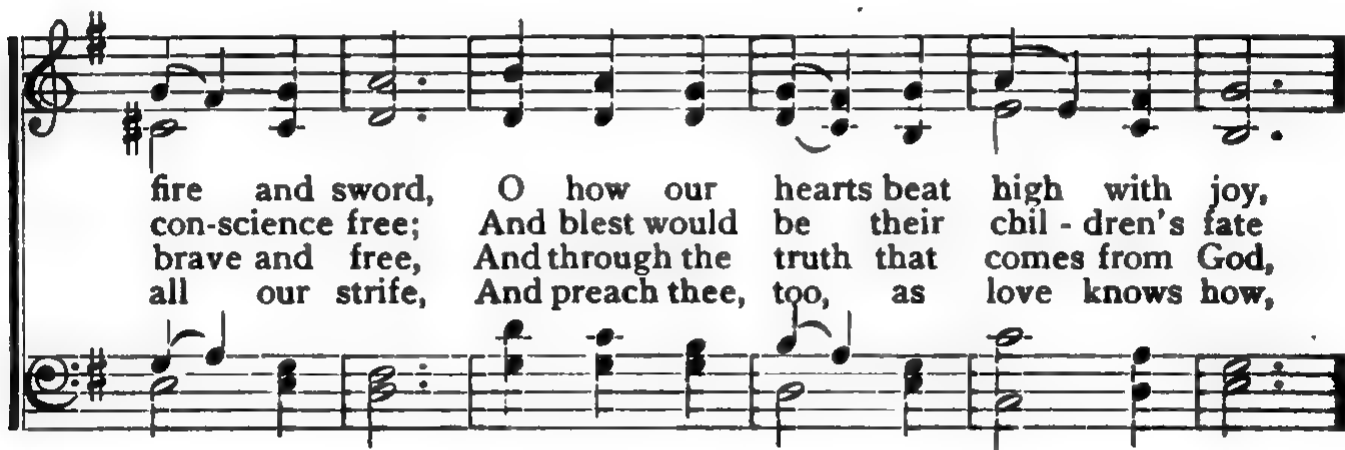
# Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

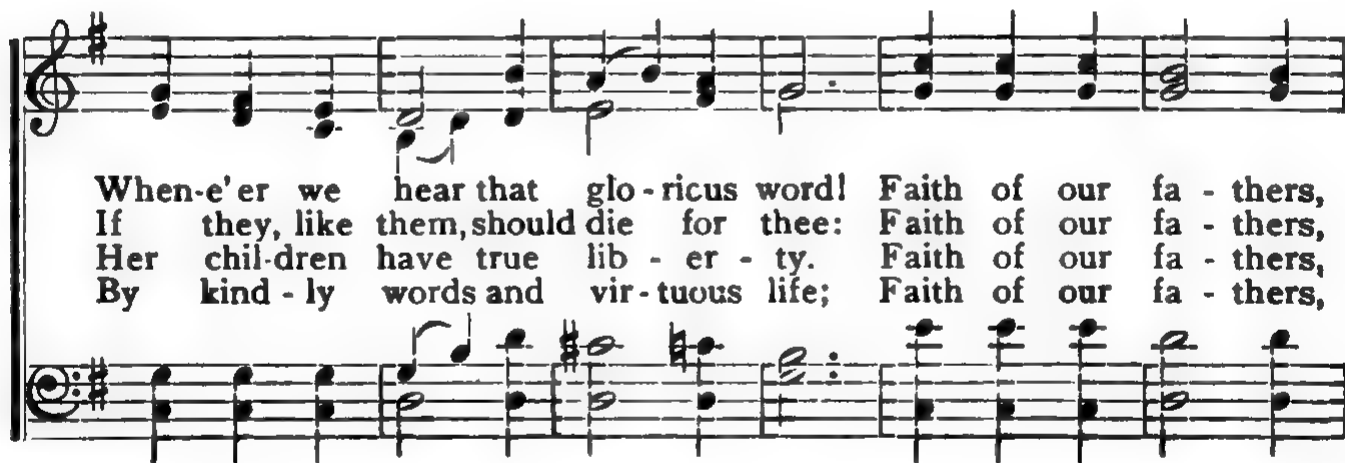
HENRI F. HENY.



1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still, In spite of dun - geon,  
 2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark Were still in heart and  
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, faith and prayer Have kept our coun - try  
 4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in



fire and sword, O how our hearts beat high with joy,  
 con-science free; And blest would be their chil - dren's fate  
 brave and free, And through the truth that comes from God,  
 all our strife, And preach thee, too, as love knows how,



When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word! Faith of our fa - thers,  
 If they, like them, should die for thee: Faith of our fa - thers,  
 Her chil - dren have true lib - er - ty. Faith of our fa - thers,  
 By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life; Faith of our fa - thers,



ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.  
 ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.  
 ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.  
 ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.

# Rock of Ages.

M. JASTROW, G. GOTTHEIL  
Ad. fr. the Ger. of Leopold Stein

Old Synagogal Melody  
"Mooz Zur"



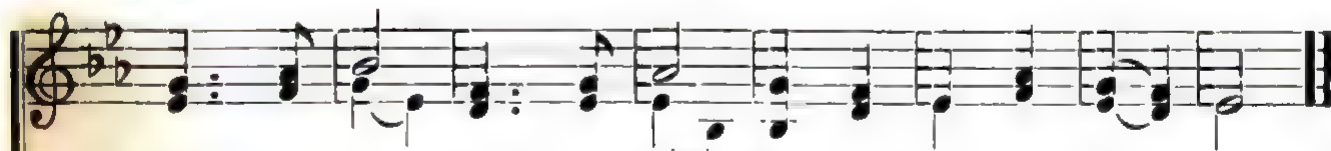
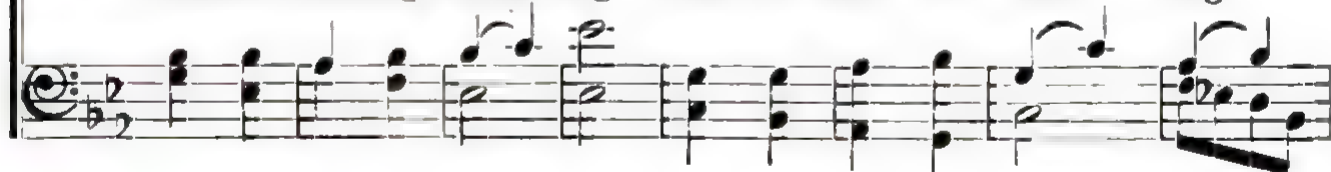
1. Rock of A - ges, let our song Praise Thy saving pow - er;
2. Kind-ling new the ho - ly lamps, Priests approved in suf - fer - ing,
3. Child-ren of the Martyr - race, Whether free or fet - tered,



Thou, a midst the rag - ing foes, Wast our shelt'ring tow - er.  
Pur - i - fied the nation's shrine, Brought to God their of - fer - ing.  
Wake the ech-oes of the songs Where ye may be scat - tered.



Fu - rious, they as - sailed us, But Thine arm a - vailed us,  
And His courts sur-round - ing Hear, in joy a - bound - ing  
Yours the mes - sage cheer - ing That the time is near - ing



And thy word Broke their sword When our own strength failed us.  
Hap - py throngs, Sing - ing songs, With a mighty sound - ing.  
Which will see All men free, Ty-rants dis - ap - pear - ing.



# Praise to the Living God.

NEWTON MANN

Ad. fr. the Hebr., att. to Daniel b. Judah, 13th Cent. ,

Traditional Yigdal



1. Praise to the liv - ing God! All prais - ed be His name,  
 2. His spir - it flow - eth free, High surg - ing where it will,  
 3. E - ter - nal life hath He Im - plant - ed in the soul;



Who was, and is, and is to be, For aye the same!  
 In proph-et's word He spake of old—He speak - eth still.  
 His love shall be our strength and stay, While a - ges roll.



The One E - ter - nal God, Ere aught that now ap - pears:  
 Es - tab - lished is His law, And changeless it shall stand,  
 Praise to the liv - ing God! All prais - ed be His name,



The First, the Last, be - yond all thought His time - less years!  
 Deep writ up - on the hu - man heart, On sea, on land.  
 Who was, and is, and is to be, For aye the same!



# God of Might.

PASSOVER MELODY.

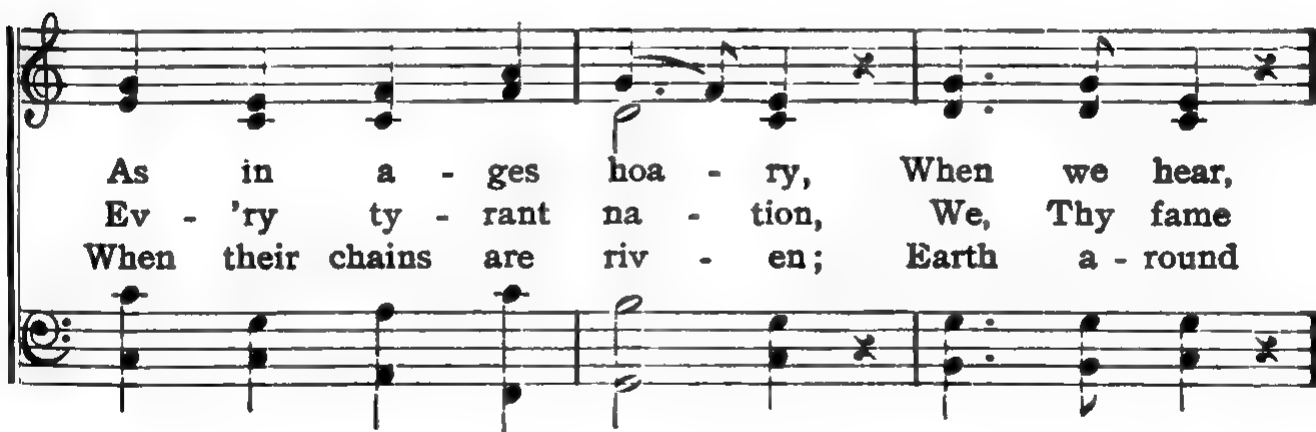
*Andante con moto.*



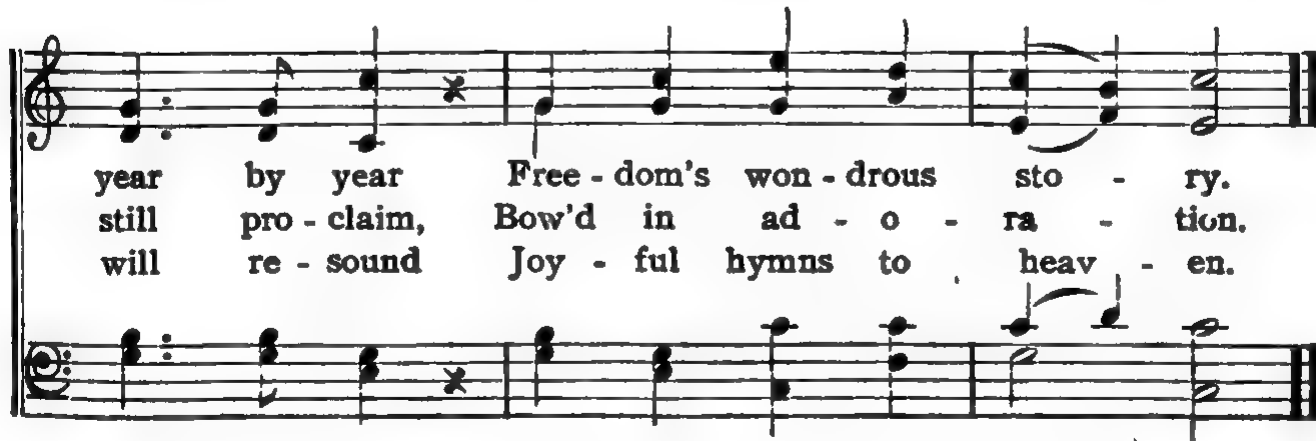
1. God of Might, God of Right, Thee we give all  
 2. Now as erst, when Thou first Did'st make proc - la -  
 3. Be with all, who in thrall To their tasks are



glo - ry; Thine all praise in these days  
 ma - tion, Warn - ing loud ev - 'ry proud,  
 driv - en; In Thy power speed the hour



As in a - ges ho - ry, When we hear,  
 Ev - 'ry ty - rant na - tion, We, Thy fame  
 When their chains are riv - en; Earth a - round



year by year Free - dom's won - drous sto - ry.  
 still pro - claim, Bow'd in ad - o - ra - tion.  
 will re - sound Joy - ful hymns to heav - en.

# Adon Olam.

Atr. to Maimonides

Art. SOLOMON SULZER



1 A - don o - lam a - sher mo - lach B' te - rem  
 2. V' - a - cha - re kich' - los hak - kol L' - vad - do  
 3. V' - hu e - chod v' - en she - ni, L' - ham shil  
 4. V' - hu e - li v' - chay goa - li, V' - tsur chev -  
 5. B' - yo - - do af - kid ru - chi, B' - es i -



kol..... y' - tsir niv - ro, L' - es na - a-soh v' -  
 yim - - - loch - no - ro, V' - hu ho - yo, v' -  
 lo..... l' - hach - bi - roh, B' - li re - shis, b' -  
 li..... b' - es tso - roh, V' - hu ni - si u -  
 shan..... v' - o - i - ro, V' - im ru - chi g' -



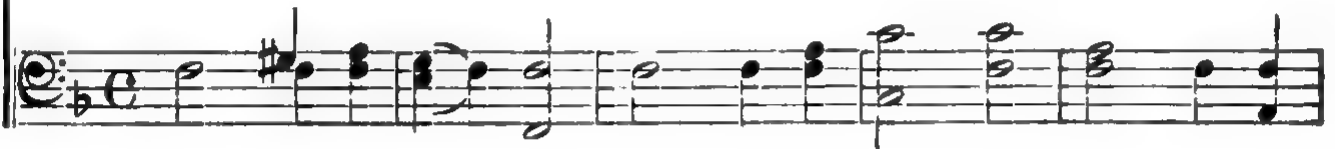
chef - tso kol A - say me - lech sh' - mo nik - ro.  
 hu ho - veh, V' - hu yih' - ye b' - - sif - o - roh.  
 li sach - lis V' - lo ho - oz v' - ham - mis - roh.  
 mo - nos li, M' - nos ko - si b' - yom ek - ro.  
 vi - yo - si, A - do - noy li v' - lo i - ro.

# En Kelohenu.

OLD MELODY.



1. En ke-lo he - nu en ka-do - ne - nu en ke-mal -  
 3. No-de le-lo - he - nu no-de la-do - ne - nu no-de le-mal -  
 5. Ato hu e-lo he - nu ato hu a-do - ne - nu ato humal -



1. ke - nu en - ke-mo-shi - e - nu. 2. Mi ke-lo - he - nu  
 3. ke - nu no - de l'mo-shi - e - nu. 4. Boruch e-lo - he - nu  
 5. ke - nu ato hu mo-shi - e - nu.




2. mi ka-do - ne - nu mi ke-mal-ke - nu mi ke-mo-shi - e - nu.  
 4. bo-ruch a-do - ne - nu bo-ruch mal-ke - nu boruch mo-shi - e - nu.




# Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

JOHN NEWTON.


FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN.




1. Glo-rious things of thee are spoken, Zi - on ci - ty of our God;  
2. See, the streams of liv - ing waters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,



He, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode:  
Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move.



On the rocks of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ever flows their thirst to as - suage?

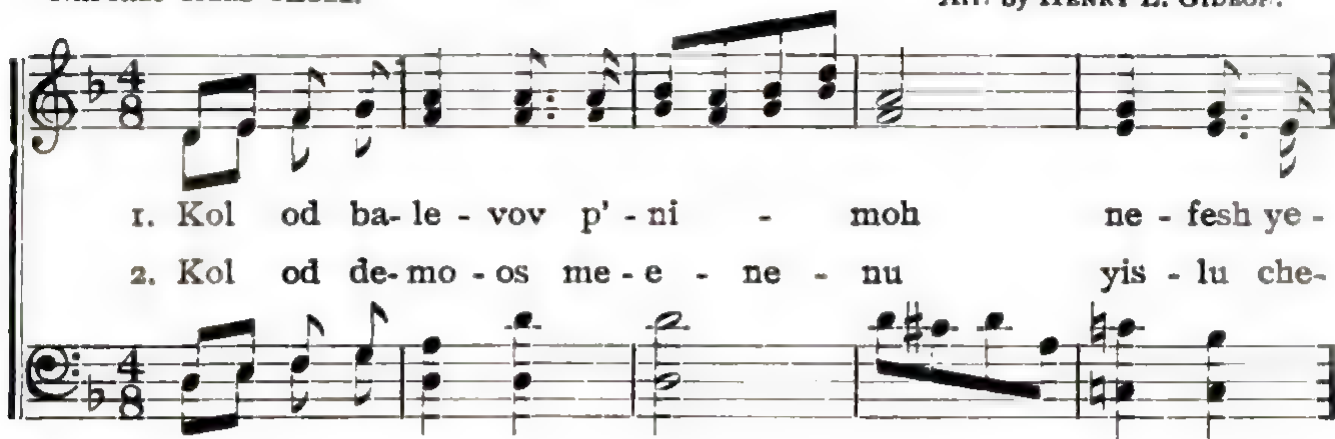


With sal - va - tion's walls surrounded, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.  
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.

# Ha-tik-voh.

NAFTALI HERZ IMBER.

Arr. by HENRY L. GIDEON.



1. Kol od ba-le - vov p' - ni - moh ne - fesh ye -  
 2. Kol od de-mo - os me - e - ne - nu yis - lu che-

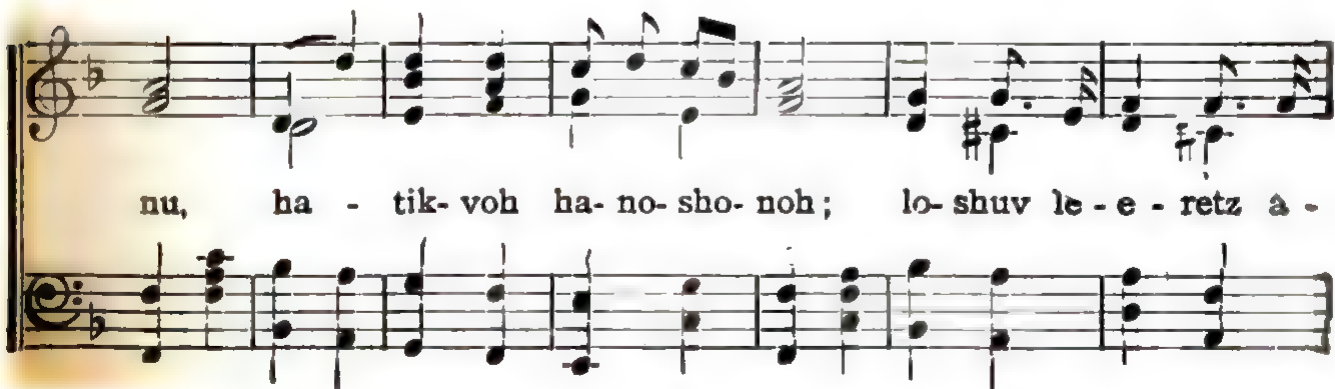


hu - di ho - mi - yoh, ul' - fa - a - se miz-roch ko - di - moh,  
 ge-shem n' - do - vos ur - vo - vos mib - ne a - me nu,

## REFRAIN.

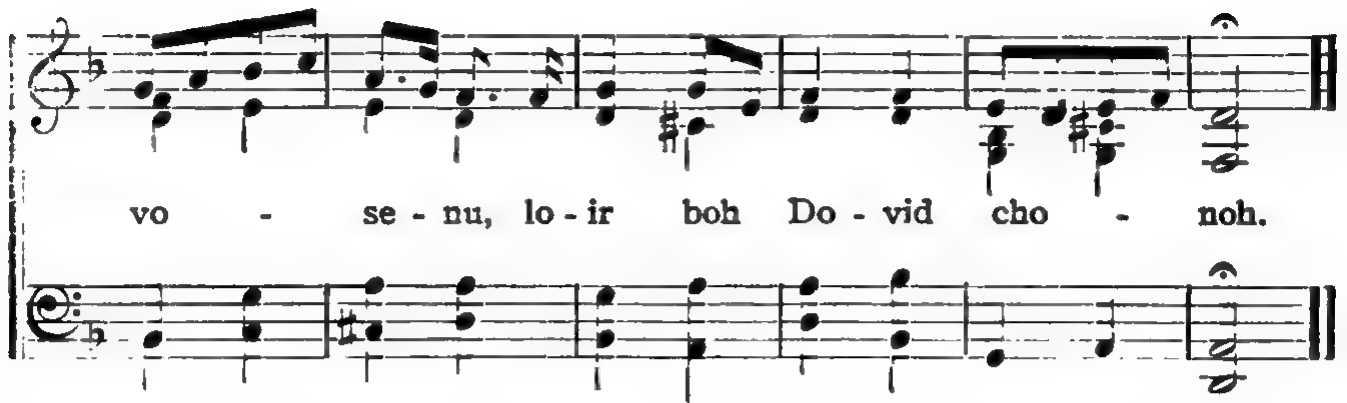


a - yin le - tzi - yon tzo - fi - yoh. Od lo ov - doh tik - vo - se -  
 od hol-chim al kiv - re o - vos.



nu, ha - tik - voh ha - no - sho - noh; lo - shuv le - e - retz a -

## Ha-tik-voh. — Continued.



3 Kol od chomas machmadenu  
L'enenu mofoas,  
V'al churban mikdoshenu  
Ayin achas od domoas.—REF.

4 Kol od meh hayarden b'go'on  
M'lo g'dosov yisolu,  
Ulyam kineres b'sho'on  
B'kol hamulo yipolu.—REF.

5 Kol od shomo aleh drochayim  
Shaar yukas sh'i'o,  
Uvein chorvos Yerusholayim  
Od Bas Zion bochio.—REF.

6 Kol od d'mo'os t'horos  
Me'en bas ami nos'los,  
V'livkos l'zion b'rosh ashmoro  
Od tokum bachatzi halelos.—REF.



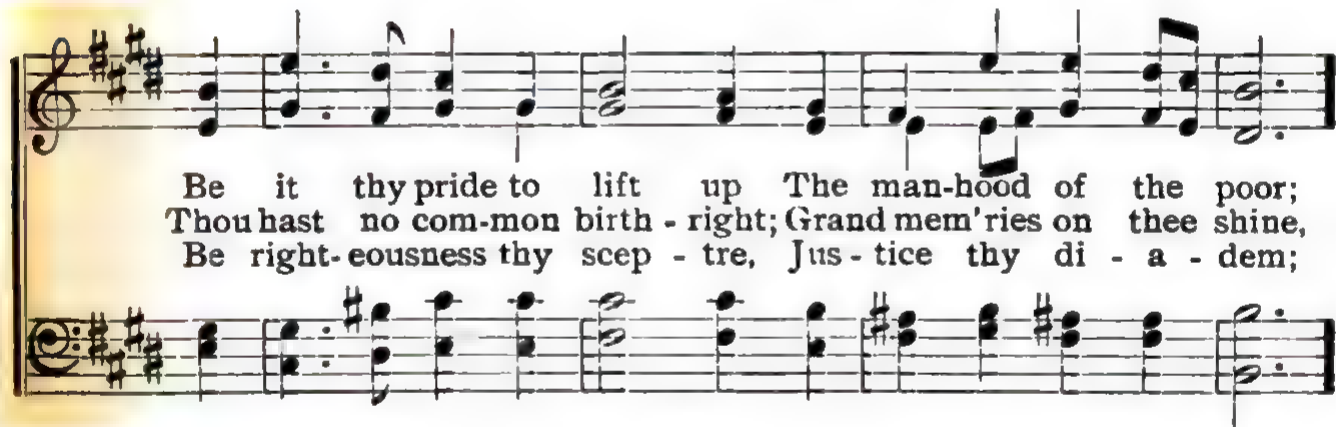
## Our Country.



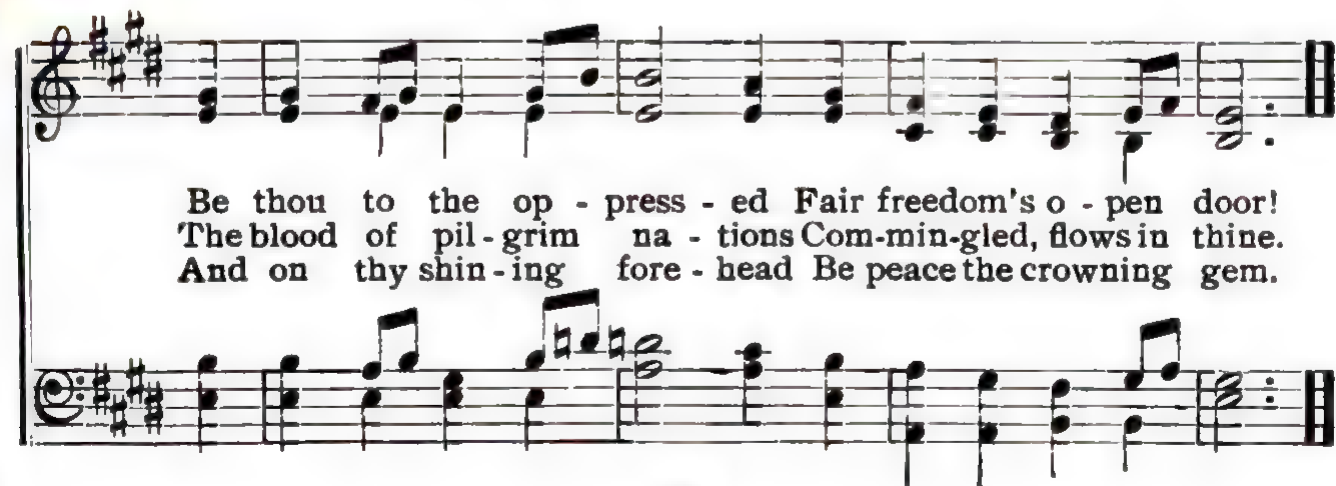
1. O beau - ti - ful, my coun - try! Be thine a no - bler care,  
 2. For thee our fa - thers suf - fered, For thee they toiled and prayed;  
 3. O beau - ti - ful, our coun - try! Round thee in love we draw,



Than all thy wealth of com - merce, Thy har - vest wav - ing fair.  
 Up - on thy ho - ly al - tar Their will - ing lives they laid.  
 Thine is the grace of free - dom, The ma - jes - ty of law.



Be it thy pride to lift up The man - hood of the poor;  
 Thou hast no com - mon birth - right; Grand mem'ries on thee shine,  
 Be right - eousness thy scep - tre, Jus - tice thy di - a - dem;

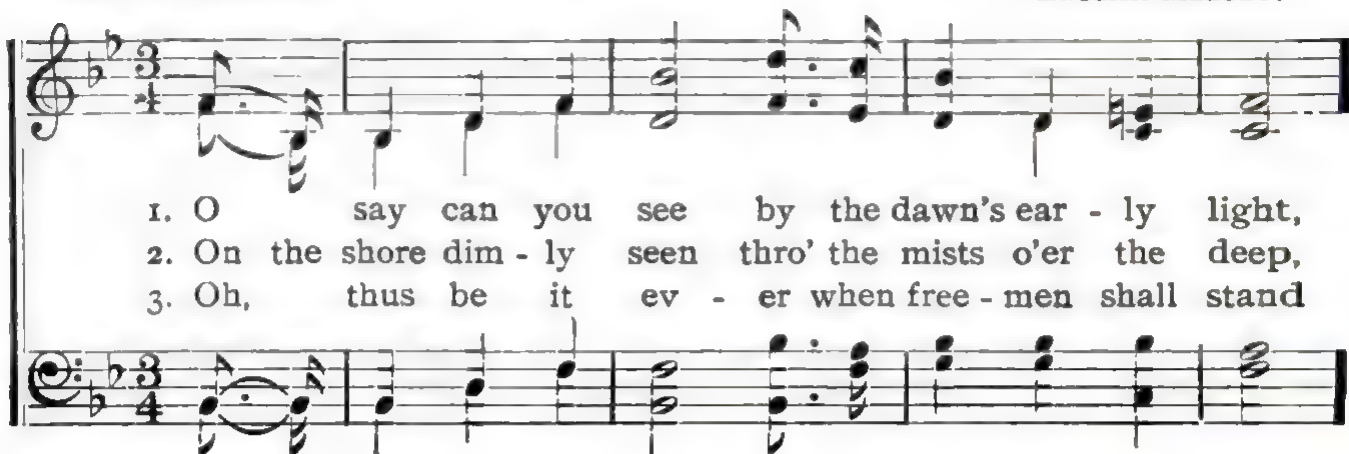


Be thou to the op - press - ed Fair freedom's o - pen door!  
 The blood of pil - grim na - tions Com - min - gled, flows in thine.  
 And on thy shin - ing fore - head Be peace the crowning gem.

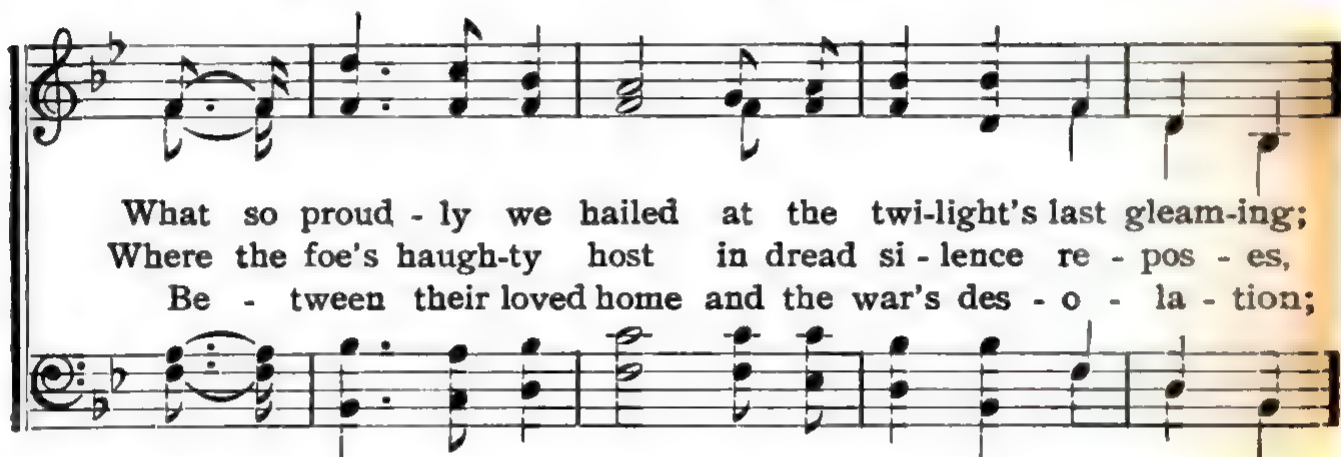
# Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

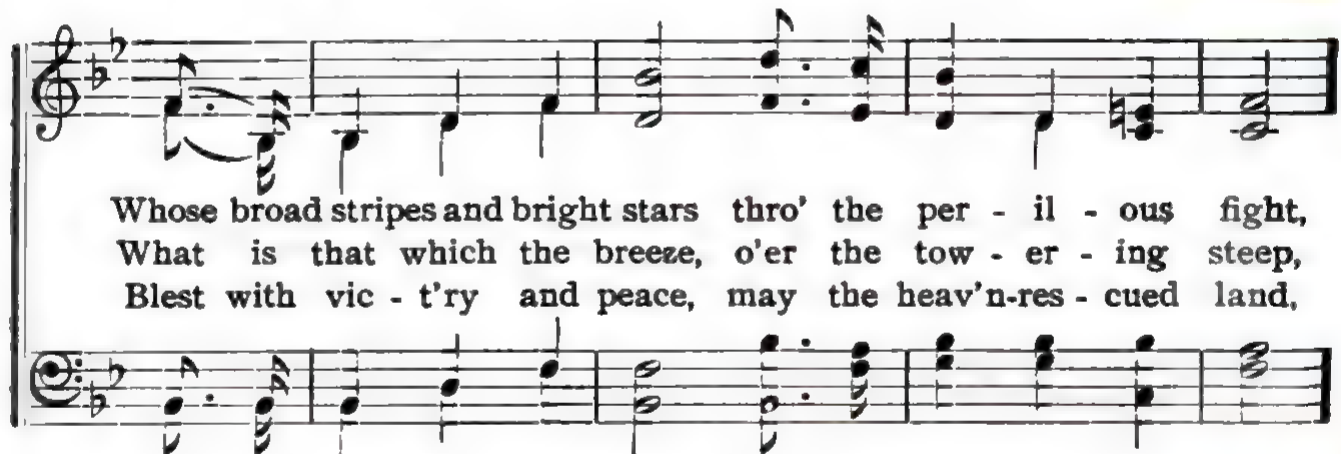
ENGLISH MELODY.



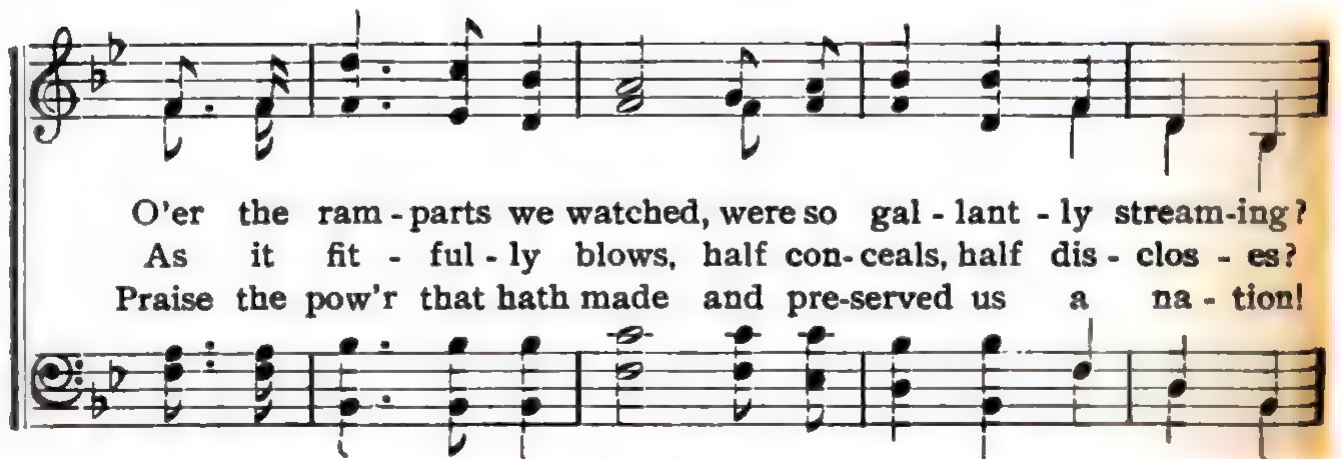
1. O say can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light,  
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists o'er the deep,  
3. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand



What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing;  
Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,  
Be - tween their loved home and the war's des - o - la - tion;




Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the per - il - ous fight,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,  
Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land,

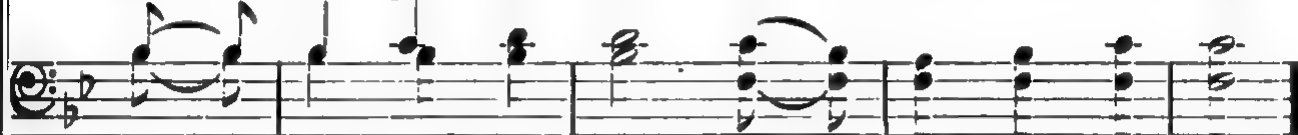



O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing?  
As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?  
Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion!


# Star-Spangled Banner.—Continued.



And the rock - ets' red glare, bombs burst - ing in air!  
 Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam,  
 Then con - quer we must, for our cause it is just,

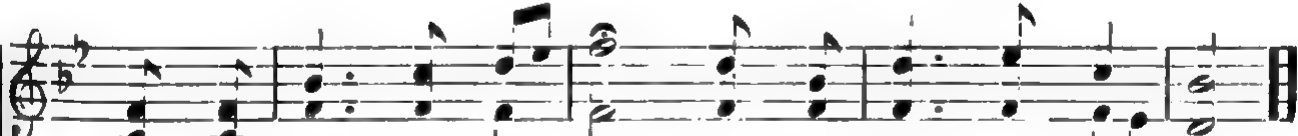
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!  
 In 'full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream;  
 And this be our mot - to—"In God is our trust,"



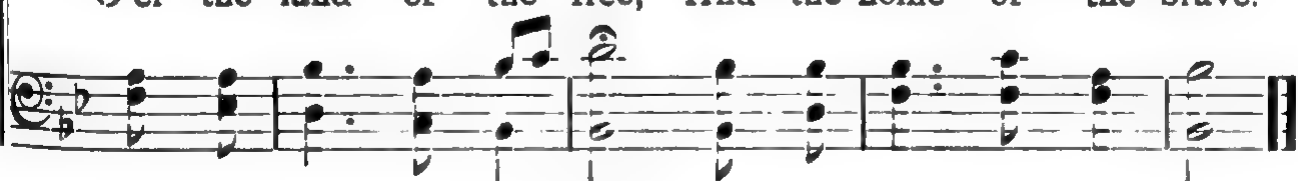
## REFRAIN.



O say does the star-span-gled ban - ner yet wave  
 'Tis the star-span-gled ban - ner! oh! long may it wave  
 And the star-span-gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave

O'er the land of the free, And the home of the brave.  
 O'er the land of the free, And the home of the brave.  
 O'er the land of the free, And the home of the brave.



# My Country, 'tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

English National Anthem.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fath - ers' God to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a-wake; Let all that  
To Thee we sing: Long may our lands be bright With freedom's



pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring.  
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

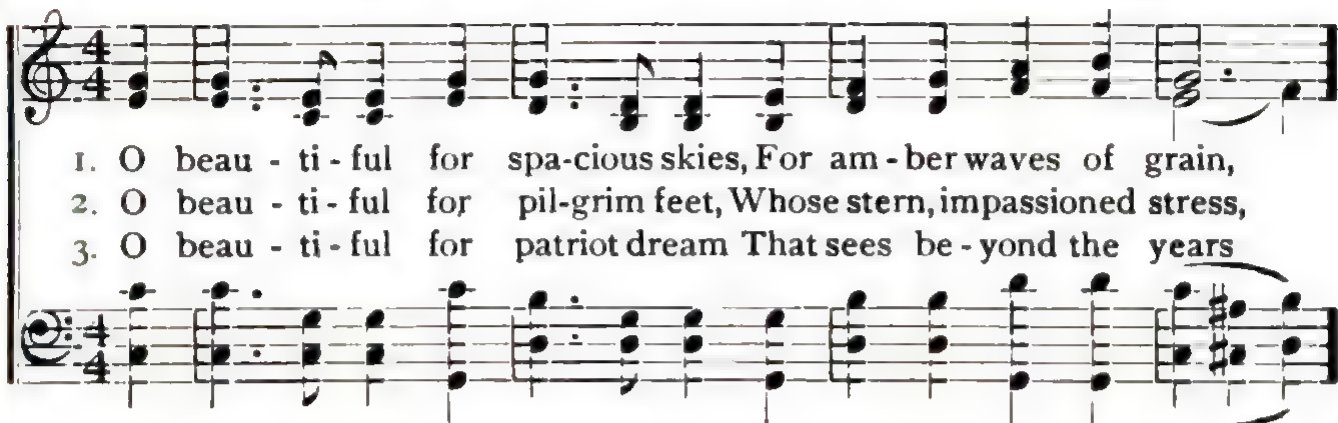




# O Beautiful for Spacious Skies.

KATHERINE LEE BATES.

SAMUEL AUGUSTUS WARD.



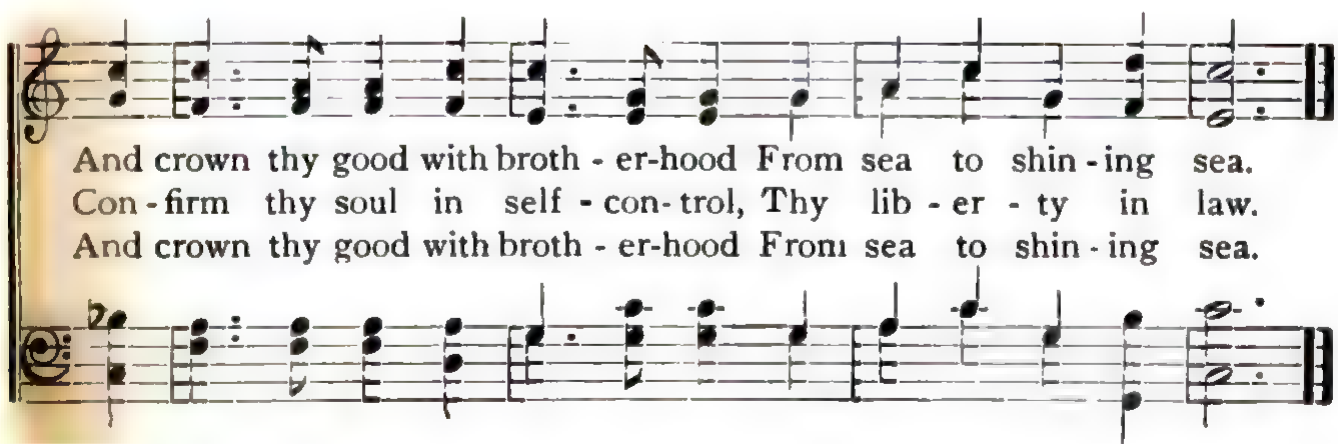
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,  
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, impassioned stress,  
3. O beau - ti - ful for patriot dream That sees be - yond the years



For pur - ple mountain ma - jes - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!  
A thorough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!  
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Undimmed by hu - man tears!



A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee,  
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,  
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee,



And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.  
Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law.  
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

# Eternal One.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



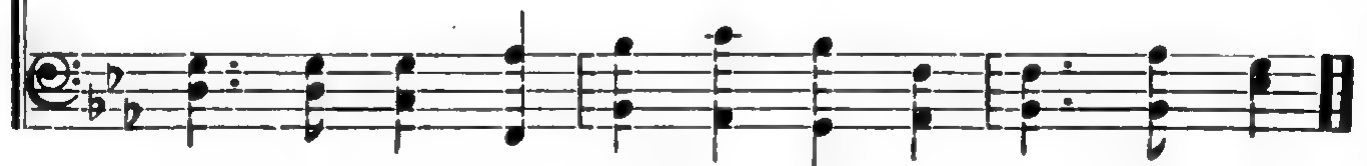
1. E - ter - nal One, thou liv - ing God, Whom chang - ing
2. The same our trust, the same our need, In sor - row's
3. We bless thee for the grow - ing light, The advanc - ing
4. With wid - er view, come loft - ier goal; With full - er
5. A - new we pledge our - selves to thee, To fol - low



years un - changed re - veal, With thee their way our  
stress, in du - ty's hour; We keep their faith, if  
thought, the wid - 'ning view, The larg - er free - dom,  
light, more good to see; With free - dom, tru - er  
where the truth shall lead; A - float up - on its



fa - thers trod; The hand they held, in ours we feel.  
not their creed, That faith the fount of all our power.  
clear - er sight, Which from the old un - folds the new.  
self - con - trol, With knowledge, deep - er rev - 'rence be.  
bound - less sea, Who sails with God is safe in - deed!





# Come, O Sabbath Day.

G. GOTTHEIL.

A. W. BINDER.



1. Comê, O Sab-bath day and bring peace and healing on thy wing
2. Earth-ly longings bid re - tire quench the passion's hurt-ful fire
3. Wipe from ev-'ry cheek the tear Ban-ish care and si-lence fear



And to ev-'ry troub-led breast Speak of the di-vine be-hest  
 To the way-ward sin oppressed Bring thou the di-vine be-hest  
 All things working for the best Teach us the di-vine be-hest



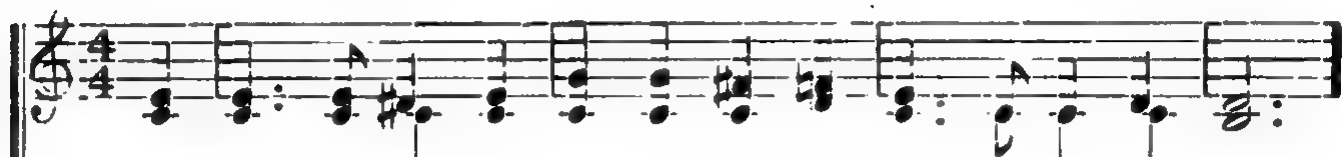
Thou	shalt	rest,	Thou	shalt	rest.
Thou	shalt	rest,	Thou	shalt	rest.
Thou	shalt	rest,	Thou	shalt	rest.



# Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

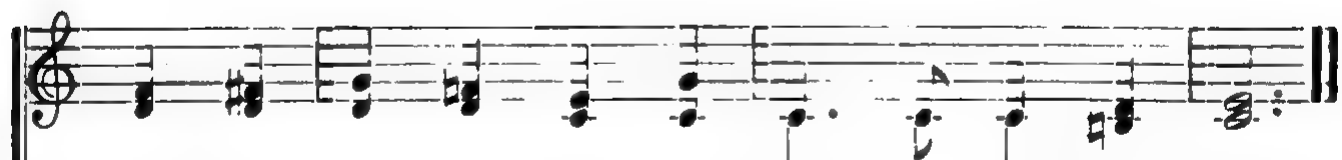
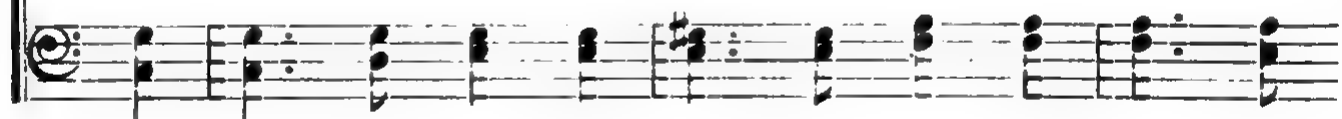
FREDERICK C. MAKER.



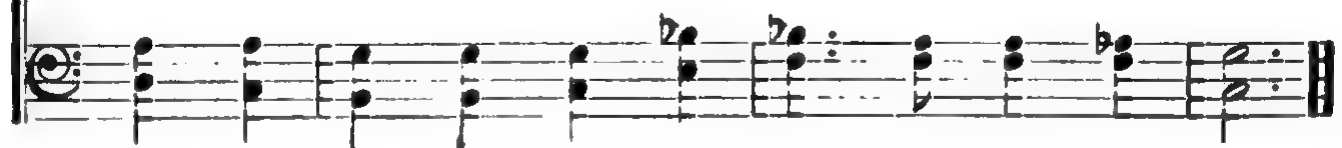
1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of mankind! For - give our fool - ish ways!
2. Drop thy still dews of qui - et - ness, Till all our striv - ings cease;
3. Breathe thro' the heats of our de - sire, Thy cool - ness and thy balm,



Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind, In pur - er  
Take from our souls the strain and stress; And let our  
Bid flesh be dumb, bid sense re - tire, Speak through the



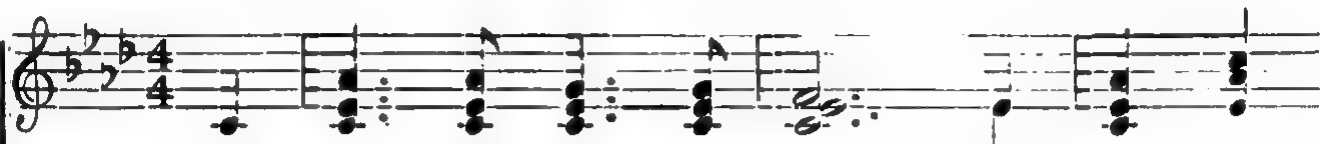
lives thy ser - vice find, In deep - er rev - 'rence, praise.  
or - dered lives con - fess The beau - ty of thy peace.  
earthquake, wind, and fire, O still small voice of calm.



# Come, Sound His Praise Abroad.

ISAAC WATTS.

JAMES W. WISE.



1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of
2. He formed the deeps un - known; He gave the
3. Come, wor - ship at his throne, Come, bow be -
4. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro -



glo - ry sing Je - ho - vah is the  
seas their bound; The wa - t'ry worlds are  
fore the Lord; We are his works, and  
voke his rod; Come, like the peo - ple



sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.  
all his own, And all the sol - id ground.  
not our own; He formed us by his word.  
of his choice, And own your gra - cious God.



# O Render Thanks.

*Psalm CVI*

"New version".

H. PERCY SMITH.



1. O rend - er thanks to God a - bove, The foun - tain
2. Who can His migh - ty deeds ex - press, Not on - ly
3. Hap - py are they, and on - ly they, Who from Thy



of e - ter - nal love, Whose mer - cy firm through  
vast, but num - ber - less? What mor - tal el - o -  
judg - ments nev - er stray; Who know the truth, nor



ag - es past Has stood, and shall for ev - er last.  
quence can raise His tri - bute of im - mor - tal praise?  
on - ly so, But al - ways prac - tise what they know.













